

The Musical World.

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LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(No. 6)

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ,

Wednesday, October 27th.—MY DEAR RYAN,—But that success is a triumphant apology for innovation, a charge might be laid against the present directors of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, to which they would find some difficulty in preparing a retort. If not at the *Académie*, where is Paris to look for the chiefest and most favourite of its amusements—*grand opera*? Of late, however, the stage of this immense institution has been exclusively devoted to concerts and ballets. Opera has been laid aside, as an unmarketable commodity. How this may eventually affect the interests of the establishment, when compelled to fall back upon its original and legitimate resources, remains to be proved. The flight of Alboni was a signal for the indifference of the public; instead of overflowing audiences, there were but meagre attendances. The fever abated, left the pulse low; the *Albonimania* gave way to the *Operaphobia*; folks avoided the Opera as mad dogs the water. MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan, clever men in their way, were nevertheless at a stand-still. "The excitement must be renewed," said MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan. And so, after two or three indifferent *recettes*, they offered the public another stimulus, in the tempting shape of Fanny Cerito. On Wednesday night, October 20th, this celebrated lady danced her first step upon the Opera boards, in company with her spouse, St. Léon—"that scorner of the ground"—and in a new ballet, so-called, which exulted in the venerable title of *La Fille de Marbre*.

I shall not encumber your pages with any description of the plot of *La Fille de Marbre*—the "new ballet" of MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan. Surely you must recollect the charming Adele Dumilatre; and recollecting her, you cannot have forgotten that she appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, under Mr. Bunn's management, in a ballet of this very name, which, in English, stood as *The Marble Maiden*. Well, with a few alterations and additions, rather spoiling than improving it, you have the very *Fille de Marbre*, produced on Wednesday for the *début* of Cerito. Lest you should have forgotten it, however, here it is, in three lines or so:—Manasses, a young sculptor, has made a female statue, of which, Pygmalion-like,* he becomes enamoured. He sells his soul to the King of Darkness, who in return animates the statue. The woman, thus created—henceforth called Fatima, for convenience—has the power of exciting, but not of reciprocating, love; if she once reciprocate, she must return to her original

marble. She *does* reciprocate, however; the attractions of one Alyatar, a young Moor, being too powerful for her heart of stone; and the result is, that Fatima, the maiden, becomes remarbled; Manasses, the sculptor, is struck by lightning; Alyatar, the Moor, is proclaimed King of Grenada; and Satan, the devil, is perfectly satisfied. This, with a military episode, the taking of the Alhambra by the Moors—introduced into the third *tableau*, for the sake of rendering the story clearer—is the sum and substance of the matter. The ballet is mounted with a swaggering pomposity, which dazzles all but the old *habitués* of the Opera; these recognise the scenery and decorations of MM. Thierry and Cambon (painters of the new scenery), the dances and groupings of M. St. Léon (author of the new ballet), and the tunes of Signor Pagni (author of the new music), as old friends only changed by the wear and tear of time—in short, as old friends with new wrinkles. But though the ballet itself was unanimously pronounced a long tirade of unintelligible dullness, the charming Fanny Cerito, the Mœnad of the dance, was looked upon with eyes more favourable. In short, is it necessary to tell you, who are one of Cerito's most constant worshippers, that her fine and original talent found warm appreciators among the audience. At present, however, Cerito is not quite understood by the Parisians. The would-be-connoisseurs presume to criticise this and that point, to blame this, that, and the other. In short, they affect to patronise her. The *feuilletonistes* hide their real sentiments behind an impenetrable mist of words. I have read the articles of Jules Janin, Fiorentino, and Théophile Gautier, three or four times attentively, from beginning to end, but out of a vast quantity of fine phrases, I cannot manage to pick out one clear unsophisticated opinion, from any of them. The *feuilletonistes*, though warm supporters, *quand-même*, and in all weathers, of MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan, are evidently not very disposed to be enthusiastic about the talent of Cerito. I should like to have watched her charming, ingenuous face, while she was endeavouring to unravel the meaning of Janin's dithyrambic, to rake up the sentiment of Fiorentino's apostrophe, or to fathom the depth of Gautier's discourse. Poor St. Léon, with his air-belabouring *pirouettes* and cloud-kicking *entrechats*, gets befouled in a quagmire of the muddiest irony, from which it will give his friends much trouble to extricate him. Nevertheless, I maintain—and I speak from long experience of Cerito's distinguished ability—that the new star of Terpsichore will shine brighter and brighter in the atmosphere of Parisian favour, every night she appears. Such an undeniable and brilliant talent cannot long remain unacknowledged, to the fulness of its desert—even by the jealous sons of France, who are annoyed, not only because they have already lost ten years of delight which Cerito might have given them, but still more,

* M. Charles Maurice, of the *Coureur des Spectacles*, confounds Pygmalion with Prometheus:—"Dont, nouveau Prométhée, il est devenu amoureux," are his words.

because (as in the case of Alboni) the thick-pated, money-getting, navigating children of Britannia, their ancient and implacable enemy, have been the first appreciators of her merits, and the most liberal in substantially rewarding them. Had Italy alone been the trumpeter of Cerito's fame, France would have welcomed her with open mouth, and received her with open arms. But, vexed in the consciousness of their own inferiority, as discoverers in the world of art—so overpoweringly exemplified in the recent triumph of Alboni—the French are loth to admit what they would be ashamed to deny—nay, foremost to acknowledge—under other circumstances.

Cerito has danced already three times, and to-night appears for the fourth. She is better liked on every occasion, and I am positive, will become eventually a great favourite. MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan were anxious to get up a *pas de deux* between Cerito and Carlotta. Carlotta consented, but Cerito declined. They were both right. In defence of Signor Pagni, whose music is less heavily instrumented than usual, I am informed that he composed the whole of it in eighteen days—only four days more than occupied Mozart in the production of *Don Juan*, and only three days less than Handel took to write *The Messiah*; it is evident, therefore, that Signor Pagni may claim the forbearance of critics. Previous to the "new ballet," on each occasion, a one-act operetta has been performed, which I have, on no occasion, arrived in time to hear. I am told my loss is not great.

You will be delighted to learn that the epoch for the *début* of Miss Birch is, at last, fixed. On Friday, she makes her curtsy before the self-satisfied audience of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, in *Guillaume Tell*; so that before this appears in print, she will have undergone the dreaded ordeal. I am happy to inform you that she is in excellent voice, and in excellent spirits. Better still, she is not an atom nervous about the matter. I have every hopes of her. Berlioz, Duprez, and all the good judges, are unanimous in pronouncing her voice one of the sweetest, richest, and most powerful sopranos they ever listened to; and so carefully has she studied the French language, that scarcely any accent is perceptible in her pronunciation of the words. If she succeeds—and I have little doubt about the result—it will be another triumph for Old England.

I have been several times to the *Théâtre Français*, which newly and gaily decorated as it is, is but thinly attended on the nights when Rachel does not perform. That most incomparable of tragedians made her *rentrée* on Wednesday, in *Phédre*; but as ill-luck would have it, the *début* of Cerito compelled me to be elsewhere. I took my revenge on Friday, however, and feasted myself with the wonders of her Camille. If Rachel can be greater than herself at any time, she was so on this occasion; often as I have seen her in *Les Horaces*, she never moved me to more inexpressible enthusiasm. She was indeed great, beyond all words! The fifth act, usually omitted in London, was performed. Ligier played old Horace; he is an actor of considerable repute, but I must own that I found him very mediocre. If Talma did not play the part in quite a different style, it must have been a great bore. But Rachel, the beautiful, the pathetic, the inspired Camille, compensated for everything—even for the actor who played the younger Horace, whose talent is about half a degree less elevated than that of M. Marius, of shouting celebrity.

Imagine my disappointment and vexation when I inform you that Racine's *Athalie* has been performed, but, owing to a previous engagement, I was unable to attend; and worse still, it is performed to-night for the second time, and a second time, for a similar reason, I shall lose the opportunity. I have

never seen *Athalie*, and am told that it is one of Rachel's finest parts—which doubles my regret. However, as several representations of this tragedy—pronounced by many the masterpiece of Racine—have been commanded by the Minister of the Interior, I have some hopes of being able to see it yet. Last night, Molière's *Ecole des Femmes*, and the *Critique de L'Ecole des Femmes*, were performed. The *Critique*, is a long discourse, in verse and dialogue, in which a society of gentlemen and ladies are supposed to discuss the merits of the comedy. In this, Molière attacks and defends himself with consummate art, and exquisite wit—putting his enemies to utter shame without appearing to care for them. It was capitably acted by Mdles. Denain, Brohan, and Anais, MM. Samson, Regnier, and others whose names have escaped me. Mdle. Denain, our old favorite, is in great requisition at this theatre, of which she constitutes one of the most brilliant ornaments, the beauty of her person and the finished elegance of her talent, uniting to form an *ensemble* of unusual attraction. You know the vivacious and admirable Mdle. Brohan, worthy daughter of a worthy mother—Madame Brohan, the French Mrs. Glover. You know also the loquacious humorist, Regnier. Remains to be said, that M. Samson is a kind of Cartigny, more finished and refined—less hearty, perhaps, but more legitimately comic. Scribe's five-act comedy, *Un Verre d'Eau*, in which Mdle. Denain plays Queen Anne of England, with wonderful *esprit* and vivacity, deserves a longer notice than I have time to afford you at present. On Friday night, a new five-act comedy, in verse, entitled *L'Aristocratie*, about which much curiosity exists, will occupy the attention of the critics. This is the first of the novelties promised by M. Buloz, the most interesting of all of which are a five-act tragedy called *Cleopatra*, in which Rachel has the chief part; and a new five-act comedy in prose, by Scribe, under the promising title of *Puff*!

Made. Viardot Garcia is here in first-rate health and spirits. I have had the pleasure of being introduced to her. She is a most delightful and intelligent person, and a musician of wonderful readiness and acquirement. Made. Viardot looks forward with the utmost interest to the forthcoming season in London. She remains three weeks in Paris, and then goes to Dresden, where she is engaged for a series of performances.

Madame Dorus Gras—I suppose you know by this time, and if not, you ought—is engaged by M. Jullien for Drury Lane, and will make her *début* in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She is hard studying English. I have heard her sing a *cavatina* in English, and was astonished at the progress she had already made. Madame Dorus Gras, no less than M. Berlioz, the Drury Lane conductor, and Madame Thillon (engaged by Mr. Maddox), will all be in London, in the course of next week.

Alboni left for Pesth, on Thursday; she will return to Paris in a short time, but at present she has made *no engagement whatever* with either the Italian or the French Opera. You may rely upon this.

Carlotta Grisi left for Brussels on Sunday; she opens with *Le Diable à Quatre*, to-night. There has been nothing new at the *Italiens*, or at the *Opéra Comique*. Grisi, in *Norma*, has taken Paris by storm; the *diva* is grander than ever. Gardoni has made a highly favourable sensation in Pollio.

Berlioz, I hear, will give his first grand concert in London, on the 20th proximo, at Covent Garden Theatre. How was it you were uninformed of this? A rehearsal of *Guillaume Tell* took place at the Opera this morning; Miss Birch got on *famously*, and her friends are in the highest spirits.

Among your visitors next season will be the clever and

humorous Vivier, who is here now, pleasanter and wittier than ever. Good bye—excuse this hasty scrawl—the post-hour is at hand, and I have not time to say a word more.

Yours always, D.

ALBONI AND THE PARISIAN PRESS.

WE have yet a few more extracts to supply our readers with from the Paris journals on the all-absorbing topic of Mademoiselle Alboni's success. We have taken the leading papers to transcribe from, as it would be impossible to find room for all who have bestowed their eulogies on the great *contralto*. We may state, however, that the opinions of the entire Parisian press are unanimous and identical. Our first extract shall be from the pages of the *Constitutionnel*, the musical critic in which, Mons. P. A. Fiorentino, is one of the most distinguished in the French capital.

ALBONI.

(From the "*Constitutionnel*,")

"Two new geniuses, stars, as the English call them, have appeared this year in the Britannic horizon—Madlle. Jenny Lind and Marietta Alboni. No sooner does any new wonder reveal itself in the world of art, than Paris makes every effort to possess it. To allow others to precede, to supplant it, is to let fall its power, to abrogate that royalty of intelligence, which no city dares to contest with Paris.

Madlle. Jenny Lind refused all offers made to her with a modesty too exaggerated to be sincere, with an obstinacy which became offensive to the Parisian public. But candidly, after the late acts of insanity our neighbours indulged in during the circuit of Madlle. Jenny Lind, we think the artiste was not wrong to persist in refusal. 'Tis enough to cite one trait of these remarkable follies. During Madlle. Lind's stay at Norwich the church bells rang the whole time, and the Archbishop declared, with something like compunction, that since he had heard Jenny Lind he had become a better Christian!

After such buffooneries, unfortunately too true, who is the friend of Madlle. Jenny Lind that would counsel her to come to Paris?

Madlle. Alboni, on the contrary, was neither heralded by the bells of Notre-Dame, nor the cannon of the Invalids. Modest, simple, loyal, without false timidity, without hypocritical humility, she acceded, happy and proud, to the first overtures made to her. To see Paris, to make herself heard at Paris, was her dearest wish, her dream: she does not dissemble, she owns it to be her glory. We have already recounted in this journal in what manner the talent of this exquisite artiste was made available, how the reputation of the singer increased, how this youthful creature, arriving almost unknown in London, rose from a mediocre position to the highest pinnacle of fame. Those who assisted the other evening at the concert of Madlle. Alboni, have been able to bear witness that our praises have been far beneath the truth.

It is a terrible moment for an artiste of great reputation, who makes an appearance for the first time before such a public as assembled in the Opera on the evening in question, when the curtain rises, and every eye in the house is fixed on him or her with implacable curiosity. Now, if the artiste be a woman, if she advance towards the foot-lights, in a simple black robe, a sheet of music paper in her hand, without any illusion of costume, without the prestige of the *mise en scene*, you will acknowledge that she must possess great courage if her voice does not expire upon her lips. Madlle. Alboni sustained the fire from the *lorgnettes* with an open and frank expression of countenance which instantly won the favor of the public. She had given but one phrase, but one single phrase of recitative, when a thrill of surprise and astonishment ran through the entire audience. Madlle. Alboni was judged.

You do not expect me coldly to analyse this admirable organization, this marvellous voice, which runs through more than two octaves and a half with the most astonishing facility, which descends to the grave notes of a barytone, and reaches the high notes of a soprano. If Madlle. Alboni possessed no more than this prodigious organ, she would be, after all, but one of those brilliant phenomena

who astonish the public without benefiting art. But that which we admire above all in the artiste, is the pervading soul, the sentiment, the perfect taste, the inimitable method. Then what body in the voice! what largeness! what simplicity of style! what facility of vocalising! what genius in the contrasts! what coloring in the phrases! what charm! what expression! Madlle. Alboni sings as she smiles—without effort, without fatigue, without audible and broken respiration. Behold art in its fidelity! behold the model and example which every one who would become an artiste should set before him. I know, indeed, that the new school of declamatory vocalisation, knowing nothing of these delicacies, endeavours to supply the place of singing by screams, contortions, and affected dramatic *elans*: but let an artiste, out of the line, appear with a talent as complete and splendid as that of Alboni, and straight all these hyperbolical rhapsodies sink to their former nothingness.

Madlle. Alboni sang first the cavatina of Arsace, and then the beautiful duo from *Semiramide* with Alizard, who assisted her well: then the duo from *Barbiere*, in which Barroilhet recalled to our minds that he had been a great singer in Italy before he had been a great artiste in France; and finally the rondo from *Italiana*, a *chef-d'œuvre* of execution, which was encored with the most tremendous acclamations from all parts of the house, as was likewise the *Barbiere* duo. We shall not speak of the thunders of applause, of the recalls without number, of the avalanches of flowers under which the stage disappeared for several minutes. These are manifestations of which the public are too often prodigal, with a deplorable facility, when they are least deserved; but, as true talent, and veritable enthusiasm have particular signs by which they may be distinguished, those who were at the Opera can satisfy themselves as to whether Madlle. Alboni's triumph has been sincere and merited.

Meanwhile, we would ask, is Madlle. Alboni about to renounce her own beautiful and melodious language, which is in itself music, to conform herself to the exigencies of the French stage? Will she find fitting characters in the actual *repertoire* of the Opera, or will they find it necessary to write new ones for her? For my own part, I am convinced that to such a talent as that of Alboni obstacles are nothing: but however that may be, we ought to thank MM. Roqueplan and Duponchel for having opened the doors of their theatre to such an artiste as Alboni. This is nobly understanding the duty which their position has imposed on them.

P. A. FIORENTINO."

ALBONI.

(From the "*National*,")

"Two new singers have appeared at the same time and on the same day, Madlle. Alboni, at the Academie Royale de Musique, and Made. Castellani, at the Theatre-Italien. We may remark that the latter is Parisian. We furnish Italy with tenors and *prime donne*; but Italy pays us back with interest, for Madlle. Alboni is from Arezzo. It is said that Rossini directed her musical education. It is said so, and we believe it. Nobody would be inclined to doubt the fact after having heard her.

Alboni is still very young, and her name, already so celebrated, was nearly unknown a few years since. She went to London, where her immense success counterbalanced that of Jenny Lind. Before going to London, she had sung for two seasons at St. Petersburg.

Her voice is a pure *contralto*, powerful, of great compass, and most delicious quality. The manner in which she emits and sustains her notes is quite faultless. Her intonation is always certain. She vocalizes with the utmost imaginable ease and agility, and as an artiste, to use a common phrase, she perfectly knows her business. In the art of enunciating words, Madlle. Alboni has yet something to acquire; but, this slight concession made to criticism,—and even this restricted to serious singing, for in buffo music her pronunciation is perfect—we can find nothing but the highest praises to bestow upon her.

To the possession, in a supreme degree, of the most enchanting quality of voice of any singer of the present day, Madlle. Alboni unites that in which almost all vocalists are wanting, namely, grace. *La grâce, plus belle encor que la beauté*, as Lafontaine said, who knew what he was saying.

Why is grace so rare a quality, or endowment? The same Lafontaine will tell you:

'Ne forçons point notre talent,
Nous ne ferions rien avec grâce.'

All singers of the present day vie with each other who shall sing loudest. They scream, they howl, and wish, above all things, to prove that they have stout lungs, and, God knows! how they prove it! They force their voice and their talent. This excessive loudness requires so great an expenditure of air, that they are compelled to draw breath at each word; they jerk out the notes instead of swelling them, they cut their phrases, they hash their periods, and give musical discourses only in piecemeal. *Disjecti membra musici*. The violent contractions which they exact from the muscles of their vocal *appareil* destroy by degrees the flexibility of the voice: their singing becomes rigid, hard, and dull. Every note is given out with labor and effort; they respire with noise; you may see their chest heaving violently, their neck swelling, their eyes darting from their head, their visage reddening under the paint: that, indeed, is not very graceful to behold.

Mdlle. Alboni comes in good time to give them a good lesson, and set them a good example. She has already shown them that the public is not so barbarous as they are inclined to think, and that more may be gained by charming them with sweetness of sound than stunning them with noise. At each *morceau*, at each phrase, so to speak, the enthusiasm of the audience interrupted the singer with applause, from which they were unable to restrain themselves, and the orchestral symphonies were drowned in the tumult. When the audience heard Alboni they experienced all that delightful pleasure which music is capable of giving. At the termination of each period, from every part of the theatre there arose the most unbounded transports, joyous acclamations, uproarious felicitations, which the *dilettanti* addressed to each other reciprocally without being previously acquainted, and clattering of the feet and clapping of the hands, threatening to overturn the house. What were the causes from whence arose these explosions? Were they superhuman vociferations, or impossible notes? No—nothing more than phrases well sung, traits well executed, *nuances* delicately and properly used, songs of feeling rendered with feeling, light and graceful melodies interpreted with vivacity and finesse. Nothing more! My God! The public demands no more. Give that without noise, without cries, without labour, and the public will be content.

Mdlle. Alboni gave successively the *cavatina* of Arsace, 'Eccomi alfin in Babylonia,' and the *duo* with Assur, 'Bella imago,' afterwards passing from the grave to the sweet, from the severe to the gay, the *duo* from *Barbiere*, and the *cavatina* from *Italiana*, 'Pensa alla Patria.' To each of these *morceaux*, so different in character, she contrived to give the expression, the feeling, and the colouring which best suited it. Brilliant, high-toned, heroically passionate in the two first: full of archness and vivacity in the third; and in the fourth, surrounding it with accents, inflexions of elegance, character, and grace, which nothing could approach.

After the charm of a voice so youthful, so pure, so powerful, of a perfect equality, of a delicious sonority, and which is produced with an ease, a naturalness, a *laissez-aller*, which it is not possible to hear excelled, that which is most admirable in the artiste is the faultlessness of her execution, and the simple and noble elegance of her style. Herein she proves herself incontestably the pupil of Rossini. Not that she believes herself compelled to sing servilely all her master wrote. On the contrary, she modifies and arranges as she thinks fit, and adjusts readily to her form the habit which has not been cut for her. In Arsace's air, for instance, she does not give that which Rossini wrote for La Mariani; she gives that which Rossini would write for her. Happy Italians, upon whom it is not incumbent to adhere to such a passage because it is written or traditional; or to such a note because their predecessors had sung it! That which is demanded of them specially is, that they should not resemble those who have gone before; to supply their auditors with unforeseen sensations, and to shroud in a new musical halo, if the term be permitted, the themes which all the world knows by heart. It is, in a word, to possess, at the same time, imagination, individuality, boldness, and taste. Truly, they are not very hard to please in Italy.

Since the *début* of Duprez, in 1837, no artiste has achieved so

brilliant a triumph as that we have just described. As a *cantatrice*, Mdlle. Alboni has no rival at the *Académie Royale de Musique*; neither would she have anything to fear at the Italians, where the position of Mdlle. Brambilla is sufficiently difficult.

There is yet another question, which we would fain solve, and to which it is not easy to return an answer:—What use will the Opera make of this delicious talent? Will it apply it to the interpreting of such music as belongs to *Odette*, and *la Reine de Chypre*? The style of these two works will hardly consort with the vocal habitudes of an artiste exercised in the Italian music of Rossini. That of *La Favorite* would, doubtless, be better suited to her means; and still more that of *Robert Bruce*; but it yet remains to consider what will become of her pure and gentle singing, and her delicate vocalisation in the midst of the brutalities which the singers of the French Opera indulge in on every occasion. Will her soft example tend to appease a little the exaggerated energies of her coadjutors? If such were to follow, the engagement of Alboni, for ten years, at one million francs per year, would be money most beneficially invested. But if, on the other hand, she would allow herself to be infected with the general complaint, and finally, to howl with the wolves—Ah! may Heaven preserve us from so bitter a deprivation! and spare, above all, Rossini! for Rossini frightened by this last blow, would probably renounce teaching, as he has long renounced composing; he would restrict himself for ever to the civic duties which his fellow-citizens have imposed on him, and that would be a serious loss. I do not pretend to call in question his military instincts, nor his knowledge as a tactician; but, nevertheless, it is not too much to say, that it were far easier to find rivals to him in the art military than in the art musical.

However this may be, we are assured that Mdlle. Alboni is engaged at the Opera, she has departed for six weeks only, after which she returns to take possession of the office of *prima donna*, which she certainly will find no one to contest with her.*

Everybody demands with surprise how Monsieur Vatel, who had heard her at the same time in London as M. Duponchel, could overlook so extraordinary a talent, and neglect an acquisition which would have insured a fortune to his theatre. No doubt he had his own good reasons, reasons administrative, but of which I know nothing, and do not pretend to divine. M. Vatel has a system. He imagines that the dramatic art is like painting, that it requires *repoussoirs*, that the inferiority of one artiste makes the superiority of another more evident, that Semiramide would appear less brilliant if Assur and Arsace had more *éclat*. The subscribers to the Theatre-Italien are perfectly satisfied with this state of matters. Provided they have two parts in each work well filled they trouble not themselves with anything further. Will be they always as complaisant, or will they some day grow weary of this candid optimism? That is their business, and upon this point I shall not prefer them counsel. But if to employ Mdlle. Alboni to the best advantage, M. M. Roqueplan would get *Semiramide* translated, and substitute *La Donna del Lago* for *Robert Bruce*, which would assuredly be an immense gain, what would M. Vatel say? It is necessary to do or let do. It is only with us that the high politic administration, or more properly, direction of the fine arts, can play with impunity the role of *Chien du Gardinier*.

GUSTAVE HEGUET.*

ALBONI, VIARDOT, AND JENNY LIND!

(From the "Siccle.")

"When we witness every day the same facts related in a thousand contradictory ways, at an epoch like ours, when the press has realised for all the world the famous house of glass of the Roman critic, we naturally demand what credit can be attached to those relations of antiquity, or the middle ages, which, having been duly transcribed by the historian on papyrus, on tables of wax or parchment, were transmitted during ages from generation to generation, in legends, in allegories or verbal complaints, to which each narrator added all the varieties suggested by his imagination. Read a hundred journals, hear a hundred witnesses, consult a hundred law inquiries into the most simple event, which shall pass in open day, in the midst of a public thoroughfare, before the eyes and ears of a thousand persons, you will have three hundred versions more or

* There is no truth in this whatever.—ED. M. W.

less dissimilar. And mark, this shall not be a matter of opinion: that, indeed, would still be more varied! It is a long time since Latin wisdom proclaimed its *tot capita, tot sensus*. We speak only of facts. Was it six o'clock in the morning, or six in the evening when such a thing took place? Has such a one said this or that? Had she dark or light hair? Has some one committed a certain act, or committed nothing at all? How old is this one? Of what country is the other? O mysteries! O enigmas! O secrets! O abysses! O labyrinths, in which is lost the reason of the judge, the journalist, and the public! Look, for instance, if there be a single event of the revolution of the empire, of the restoration, or the present time which took place without giving birth to a thousand contradictions. Demand of Thiers, of Lamartine, or Louis Blaze if the least of their allegations has not created shoals of contradic-tors and rectifiers? Believe then after that, in the existence of Cæsar, Numa Pompilius, Alexander, Sesostrius, Nebuchodonosor, &c. such at least as the annalists have been pleased to transmit to us on their *ipse-dixit*. Why then is not one profoundly sceptical in matters of history? Why is not one tempted to believe that Alexander is a personage of pure invention; Cæsar a myth; Nebuchodonosor a phantasmagoria; Susannah, Lucretia, Penelope, agreeable fictions; and that Alexander, Napoleon, and Marshal Bugeaud are nothing else than ingenious *Canards*? There is a book extant which has demonstrated, in the most peremptory manner, that Napoleon never existed, and that it was a new edition of the old fable of Apollyon, and that his twelve Marshals were in reality the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Each age, in effect, has had its mystifications, and if one Mery has made the actual world palpi-tate at the apocryphal name of Gasper Hauser, I do not see why the Merys of ancient times should not have diverted themselves with imagining Sestrostrises, Dariuses, Balshazzars, &c. for the recreation of their contemporaries. The *Canard* is as old as the world. When there were only four men on earth, one exerted himself to narrate the *calembrances* of another, on the relation of a second, to amuse the fourth.

The innumerable details recently published concerning Alboni and Jenny Lind, to speak merely of these two celebrities, are another proof of the marvellous aptitude that man has received from Providence to misconstrue and pervert what is true. Should we be astonished at this diversity, when so many journals can, upon each fact, at each moment, and in each country, contradict the false and verify the true? Or, indeed, must we attribute it to the multiplicity of the journals themselves? We require not much entreaty to make us admit this last explication. There is one thing certain, it is, that the Merys of all countries will cast upon the waters of society a greater number of *Canards*, in proportion as you open a greater publicity to their imaginativeness. What have they not recounted since one year relative to the first of these mythologic singers? Jenny Lind, they assert, is a Swede, a Hungarian, a German; she is handsome, ugly, fair, brown, little, and tall; her voice is strong and weak, brilliantly clear and veiled; her acting is dramatic and insignificant, passionate and cold; she is the pupil of Garcia, Meyerbeer, Panseron, and Nature only; in fine she is an artiste in the legitimate sense of the word, and has the most vulgar tastes; she sings for glory alone, pays dear for it, and has no ambition beyond being able to offer her heart and a thatched cottage of gold to a pastor whom she loves. As she must have already economised a cottage worth half a million, it becomes a natural interrogatory, at what rural sum the disinter-estedness of the intended has been able to fix the nuptial indemnification which is promised him. Be this as it may, after having excited an enthusiasm essentially epidemic in London, and the principal musical and manufacturing towns of the three king-doms; after giving a name to a multiplicity of flags, stuffs, kerchiefs, baubles, and even drinkables and eatables, (the poor potatoes, though diseased, were honored with the like baptism), Jenny Lind returned to Germany, where triumphal arches of flowers, and puffed burgomasters awaited her along the roads. She has lately re-appeared at Vienna* in the *Fille du Regiment*, the most inevitable of her three favorite rôles; after which will follow *Norma* and *Robert le Diable*; then, to give a little variety, she will sing in *Robert le Diable*, *Fille du Regiment*, and *Norma*; and

finally, to avoid all appearance of monotony, she will make her adieux to Germany in *Norma*, *Robert le Diable*, and the *Fille du Regiment*. We are not told whether Meyerbeer will superintend the rehearsal of his *chef d'œuvre*, but 'tis very probable.

This accomplished, Jenny Lind (we admit for one moment that she really exists) will carry her rich *repertoire* next spring to London, when perhaps the English *badauderie* will be smitten with some other curiosity, and will have re-baptised, in honor of their new miracle, their kerchiefs, stuffs, liquors, tobacco-boxes, and potatoes. Jenny Lind, in this journey, will be less desirous than ever of coming to Paris. Whether it be that the modest and liberal young lady has put an inaccessible price on her talents; whether it be that she fears her sojourn amongst us might diminish her reputation without encreasing her golden heaps; or, that she considers us, as we are told, not sufficiently virtuous, nor sufficiently religious to be entrusted with her virginal presence; or be it some other motive which will eternally remain a subject of doubt and controversy to her biographers, one thing is certain, that Jenny Lind (we continue to suppose that she is no chimera) appears irrevocably determined never to come to France. Paris, however, will not fail to transport itself to London to applaud her. This mountain of glory refusing to come to us, it is necessary that we should go to her. The Northern Railway will put on special trains for Jenny Lind.

En attendant, let us endeavour to give the mean of rational opinion which it is possible to extract from the different ex-aggerations of which she is the object. Jenny Lind then (we are still supposing that she absolutely exists) is not handsome, but she is pleasing in looks; her acting is not dramatic but it is easy and natural; her voice, a soprauo, is neither powerful, nor of great compass, but it possesses much suavity, a dazzling lightness, a neatness of execution which surprises, perfect intonation, and a captivating grace; in a word, she possesses, in a high degree, that magnetic influence which acts with so much more power over the mass, as the mass itself cannot explain nor analyse it. As a general rule the crowd admires the more as it comprehends the less. The day on which you cease to be unintelligible to the vulgar, that day will lose you in their eyes half of your power.

Well then, all these qualities, and many others we shall name anon, may be found to an equal, if not a superior degree, in Alboni, whose success we signalled, and whose existence appears, to us at least, a fact incontestable, a fact irrevocably added to history; for we have seen her, Alboni, absolutely seen her, and indeed, to be just, we ought to add that her fault is, that she is a little *too visible*:—yes, we have seen the with our own eyes, heard her with our own ears, and applauded her with our own hands. Now, laying aside the question of dramatic talent, of which it is impossible to speak *pro* or *con* from a simple concert, and in appreciating this young artiste in a purely musical light, we do not hesitate to say that she is the most accomplished, most charming, most astonishing singer that we can possibly imagine. We have heard, to speak only of those that are past and gone, Pasta, Malibran, Sontag, Pisoni, Falcon, and Cinti-Damou-reau, those sirens who have enchanted Europe for the last twenty years, and yet we have heard not one we can think of comparing to Alboni for richness of voice, suavity, charm, and quality of tone, certainty of intonation, facility, flexibility, grace, finish, and per-fection of style. Even supposing Jenny Lind to possess these qualities in the same degree, yet would there remain with Alboni an incontestible superiority, viz. compass. Jenny Lind's voice is confined in its register: Alboni's extends to more than two octaves and a half, without losing in any part its equality of tone, its *timbre*, or its charm. In fine, we repeat, it is the ideal of voca-lisation purely musical. As for Pauline Viardot Garcia, we have unfortunately too feeble a recollection of the magnificent talent, as a singer and an actress, of which she gave such splendid promise at the epoch of her *débüt*, some six years since, and which, we are told, time has since matured to perfection. We cannot then establish in this place any comparison between her and her young rival. We wish only, with all those who sincerely interest them-selves in the prosperity of the Opera, that the new direction would give us the power, as soon as possible, of appreciating Madame Viardot, otherwise than upon the narration of *boyards* and polar voyagers. A theatre which, like the Opera, retaining the dis-

* Does not the writer mean Berlin?—Ed. M. W.]

tinguished artistes it already possesses, would attach to it the sister of Malibran and Alboni, if not *à poste fixe*, and at the same time, at least alternately, and at fitting periods, such a theatre might boast of the first female corps which a lyric stage ever possessed. Paris would then have no need to envy *perfidie Albion* the possession of any Jenny Lind. We are aware of the difficulties attending such an enterprise. We know that the Italian Theatres of London and St. Petersburg compete with each other, and that our *cent-sous* pieces are rejected for the guineas of the Covent Garden Emperor, and for the diamonds of the ruler of all the Russias: but the success would be more glorious. This success is worthy enough to tempt the ambition of the new directors of the Academy, and their zeal, their activity, their own evident interest, should inspire us with a firm hope, that sooner or later they would give us this great and lasting proof of their capacity.

It is objected that no work in the actual *repertoire* of the Opera would be appropriate to Alboni's voice and method. This is an error. Alboni would sing admirably the music of the *Favorite*, *Robert Bruce*, *Otello*, and even *Comte Ory*. With these the Opera would attain an immense success for a year, or eighteen months, during which period they would have leisure to adapt other works for her, or have new ones composed. No, the true difficulty is, that Alboni is not altogether free: she has departed for Pesth; she will not return before two months, and as soon as the musical season opens at London, she will have to appear at Covent Garden, for which theatre she has been retained three years longer. Her winters alone are free to her, and these are the true seasons for our theatres. The directors of the Opera know this, and will act accordingly.

But if, after this eulogium, you are astonished that Alboni has obtained merely an immense success in London, but simply, and in a mediocre manner, no unusual thing for London, where *diletantisme* is a question of fashion rather than of sentiment, and where one experiences the necessity of concealing his complete inaptitude under the appearance of the most unrestrained enthusiasm, I will answer you, that London as well as Paris never admires equally many things at a time: that it possesses a triumphal car upon which poets have seated glory, and like the vulgar omnibus that startles the streets, it contains a certain number of benches. When the places are occupied, so much the worse for the last comers! those in possession cry politely to you—Full! and the only thing that remains for you is to await the coming of the next omnibus.

Such was the *mésaventure* which Alboni experienced last season at London. The omnibus was full: Jenny Lind had had the good fortune to seat herself on the first bench: only a little corner was unoccupied. The English contented themselves with applauding Alboni immensely, but they reserved all their delirium for Jenny Lind. Next year the contrary is likely to happen: and as London has absolutely need each season of some new *lion* or *lioness*, it is not impossible that Alboni will supersede her rival in possession of her high place, and that, in her turn, she will bestow her name upon the fashions, horses, and potatoes of the three kingdoms.

What renders this contemplation more probable is, that Alboni, who, before her arrival in London, was heralded—how different from Jenny Lind!—by no notice, no catchword, no eccentricity, no biographical *canard*, possesses henceforth her biographers, her historians, her *canardiers*. England has learned for the first time that Alboni is the pupil only of Nature and Rossini, as Jenny Lind is the pupil only of Nature and Meyerbeer; as also that she is a young girl of an undoubted character, and of experienced loyalty, of an independent and masculine spirit, which disdains to sign treaties, or billet-doux, that she wears her hair short, smokes, swears, goes about disguised *en homme*, and that, in the intervals of her engagements, she goes to hunt bears in the black forest, and drinks beer with German students. To become the *coqueluche* of London, Alboni may henceforth dispense with her miraculous talent—that, indeed, would be no bad conclusion for so strange a beginning. All things well weighed, it is she who next season will occupy the first bench of the omnibus, and will, unquestionably, occupy it alone, for she is of that proportion that will fill it in her own person.

LOUIS DESMOYERS."

ALBONI.

(From "La Presse.")

The success obtained by the charming and prodigious *contralto* continues. We cannot say that it increases, because beyond certain limits progress is impossible, and at the first concert the success of Alboni had obtained the *ne plus ultra* of the superlative of the triumphant. With the exception of the duo from *Semiramide*, sung with Alizard, the programme of the first concert has remained the same. The *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia* has been received, if possible, with greater acclamations than on the first night; and with what a charm Alboni sings it! What spirit, what life, what joyousness, what intensity, what force and expression she gives to these simple couplets, it is impossible to convey in words. *Mdlle.* Alboni has left for Hungary and will return about the same period when Cerito is about to bid us adieu. To-morrow the Parisians will be able to judge for themselves, in the *Fille de Marbre*, of this celebrated choregraph, whom the admiration of England and Italy has placed side by side with Taglioni, Ellsler, and Carlotta Grisi.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER."

We shall refrain, at present, from adding any remarks of our own. Our correspondent at Paris has anticipated all we had to say on the subject of the *contralto's* success in this place. The reader will agree with us, that just at this moment the engagement of Alboni at the French Opera is by no means a certainty. In our next number, we shall supply a few extracts from the French journals respecting the artistes of the Theatre-Italien, which want of room hindered us from furnishing this week.

A Treatise on the "Affinities of Gothe,"

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,
Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röscher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 673).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

In the first part of our Treatise we assigned to Mittler this position in the organization of the whole, that through him we perceive the vain endeavor to solve the power of a tragic conflict by an actless word; while in him also the idea of the whole comes to its conscious expression. We have now the task of apprehending more nearly the individualization of this general thought. The individuality of Mittler, on close observation, gives us the view of a comic character, who, while we see him work with the greatest activity and with the most unwearied zeal at the restoration of disturbed relations, at the same time experiences the vanity of his efforts, but nevertheless proceeds unceasingly in his mediating activity. Even his first appearance exhibits him to us as a whimsical figure. Edward himself calls him the droll man. If we are not mistaken, this is because he makes a formal business of helping and reconciling, and declares this without prevarication. While he calls to the servant, bidding him ask whether there is any urgent necessity, he actually appears to us as a man who hawks about his mediation and reconciliation, and carries on this most internal and mysterious operation as an external matter of business. In this contradiction, which is manifested on his very first appearance, lies the comic peculiarity of his individuality, he scorns to give advice because every one can do this for himself, but promises to assist, and indeed with the consciousness of inevitable success, if any mischief arises from the resolution which he disdains to determine. It must be brought forward as a fine trait of the poet, that both for the sake of explaining this direction of Mittler's activity, and also of removing any impure notion, he designates him as a *quondam* clergyman, who during a restless period of activity in his nature, has distinguished himself by quieting and smoothing down all contentions, both domestic and between neighbours,—in the first place, those between single residents, and then those of whole communities and landed proprietors. In conformity with old inclination and habit, he now continues the activity which was once imposed upon him by his office and his

position, since he remains in no house where there is nothing to set right and no assistance to be afforded.

By this trait the poet has explained this odd character, and has forced upon us the conviction that this is really the affair of his life. Every man, who with all his energy pursues an activity, which has become to him a matter of the heart, forces from us a certain degree of esteem. This is mingled even with the smile which Mittler provokes, when we see him involved in the strongest self delusion that really important effects can be attained by this work of mediation and reconciliation. As in opposition to the conflict of these positions, his activity fails utterly, and appears as a mere vain endeavour, so will he have gained this experience in the case of any deep wound in domestic relations, without suffering himself to be perplexed in the active continuation of his efforts. But that he is thoroughly penetrated by the moral weight of matrimonial felicity, and the sacredness of marriage itself, is proved to us by that eloquent eulogy of marriage to which he is provoked by his indignation at those trespassers against it—the Count and the Baroness. As he here elevates himself into an expression of moral earnest, he at the same time gives us a testimony that all his odd activity rests upon the most honorable basis, and that even when his endeavours miss their aim, we must admire the moral weight by which he is impelled. Hence, with the smile at this singular man is mingled a certain emotion, because that which with self-consciousness, he desires, tends altogether to the confirmation of the noblest relation, of the foundation of the moral mind, and it is only in the application of his activity that he is involved in an illusion from which nothing seems able to deliver him. Hence, it ought not for a moment to excite wonder that the most inspired view of marriage is given by the very man who as soon as he goes practically to work, shows himself as an eccentric individual in whom the activity of mediation and reconciliation in household affairs—an activity most internal and most dubious as to its result, and one which can only proceed from the most intimate and personal relation to the parties interested—is perverted into an almost external occupation.

Because smoothing down and assisting has become with Mittler a second nature, he will not even be able to enter into individual positions and personal relations, but will much more adhere to obstruct and therefore totally ineffective generalities. On this account he exhibits himself as the opposite of the Captain, whose attempt to soothe Edward proceeded from friendship, and who, as we have shewn in characterizing him, does not appeal at all to universal principles, but draws his reasons from the most concrete positions, and thus quite transports himself into the soul of the wounded man. How different is Mittler! He, when opposed to the impassioned Edward, only appeals to completely abstract generalities, which even degenerate into common-places. "Edward ought to think what is due to his dignity as a man, ought not to forget that it is man's highest honor to collect himself in misfortune, to bear pain with equanimity and decorum, that he may be highly esteemed, honored, and held up as a pattern." One feels in all this *raisonnement*, which in expression is not even free from pedantry, that it must be unsuccessful, as indeed Edward in his impetuous answer not unclearly shews while he warns off the wearisome assistant. Indeed this inexorable understanding, which can only utter its disapproval with blunt honesty, is perfectly incapable of looking into the soul of a great pain, and of recognizing the rights of this also that he may thus make himself master of the sick heart. In this trait we have a picture of that zeal for reconciliation in Mittler, who in every case, when there is a great breach to be repaired, will always appear impotent, because by means of his mere inexorable understanding he cannot transport himself into the mental condition of the interested party, and hence only moves in general reflections of the understanding, the ill success of which is the more certain, the more deeply moved the heart, to which they are directed.

Because Mittler in his busy zeal to restore what has been disturbed, cannot, properly speaking, transport himself into the mystery of a great passion, he takes all external repose, every happy change in a momentary erudition, occasioned by a particular event, and a joyous excitement produced by it, for a sign of perpetually restored peace. Thus, through this completely abstract point of the understanding, and that impulse of his which has

become a business, he is exposed to a perpetual illusion, of which he is more really conscious, and therefore always proceeds in the same manner.

This irony, which Mittler must experience, by the power of reality over his own busy activity, on the occasion of all great conflicts, is raised to the highest point, when we see that this very man, who will only remain on a spot as an assistant, who will confine his whole presence to the task of setting to rights, involuntary becomes the occasion of evil, so that it is precisely through him that a misfortune breaks out. We need only call to mind the occurrence at the child's christening, where the good old clergyman suddenly expires at the conclusion of Mittler's speech, "his last strength being exhausted by his standing longer than usual, during Mittler's speech, who in his zeal had not remarked the increasing weakness of the old man." But this irony is most powerfully brought forward when he is last present in Edward's house, where, overcome by one of his favourite subjects, he pursues it, heedless of consequences, and to Otilia, on her entrance, utters the fearful commandment: "Thou shalt not commit adultery,"—an utterance, which so consumes the last remains of life, in the girl, who is already very weak, that the news of her decease follows on this event. In both traits, but especially in the last, the irony to which Mittler is exposed throughout, is not to be mistaken, and here only gains its peculiar expression. For what can be a more characteristic irony with respect to Mittler's point of view, than that a man who always believes himself called upon to help and heal and in every place, and in the most delicate positions makes this the business of his life, unconsciously causes a misfortune, and that this very inexorable and reckless understanding, which will set right and plane down, becomes the source of an unhappy occurrence, in which a deeply wounded heart finds that final repose, which has been graciously prepared for her by a higher power, while every endeavour to restore peace, by a general *raisonnement*, only exhibits its impotence. Thus, at last, nothing is left for Mittler but the bitter feeling, that he has unconsciously been perverted into the opposite of his intentions, and made an instrument of a power superior to his own will and regulation.

If we survey the individuality of Mittler in its whole course, that effusion as to the whole essence of marriage, upon which we have already touched, may seem to stand in opposition to his general proceedings. On this side, he elevates himself like a choral song to an idea of the whole, in the other he becomes a comic figure. But this contrast vanishes in the consideration that the same man is deeply penetrated by the dignity of a moral Idea, but, at the same time, by his manner of realising it, gives us the view of an odd individuality. Thus with Mittler theory and practice are completely sundered, and for this very reason, that in his whole practical activity, he is always mistaken as his means; nay, even through his practical endeavours is involved in an error, which as it constitutes his innermost life, never comes to consciousness. Hence, in our work, Mittler has, properly speaking, only a single moment of real greatness, in which he comprehends the deepest ground of his life into a living word, and with creative power expresses the mystery of marriage. In every other situation we always see him acting, and prepossessed with the view that he can alter something in positions, and therefore produce a practical result. At once the notion of his delusion, the variety of his endeavours is forced into contradiction with the earnestness of his exertions, and almost makes him forget the sole moment, in which, only theoretically, he expresses the idea from the depth of his soul. According to the position assigned to Mittler in our work, he could not be, in any respect, differently organized. As a theoretical man he elevates us, while, as a practical man, in accordance with the nature of the matter, as we have shown, he exhibits himself to us, as an oddity, who is not even capable of being freed from his state of self-illusion.

END OF CHAPTER II.
(To be continued.)

* * To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

THE HUSBAND OF A PRIMA-DONNA.

THE husband of a public singer is not necessarily an uniform type of an uniform class. He may be possessed of

every advantage of talent, person, and fortune; or he may be wanting in either one or all. He may rise to the rank of ambassador, or continue to hold the position of a publisher's clerk—he may be a marquis or a pianoforte tuner. But in whatever grade of life or circumstance of fortune he may be placed, if he be the spouse of a veritable prima-donna, his destiny is to be totally absorbed by her. To such an extent is this carried, that we have known persons who always speak of the Count Sontag, in lieu of calling by his real name the husband of that celebrated songstress.

But if the capricious nature of those queens of song admit of endless variety in the professions or pursuits of those they choose for partners, it must be observed that by far the greater portion make choice of men who are *artistes*, or would have been, or at least exhibit inclination to follow the lyric stage. But in the conjunction, the individual lot of the husband becomes a nullity. We have known *artistes* even of the highest abilities, in uniting themselves to a public singer, relinquish at the same time their name, which should have become that of their wives, and suffer their fame to be altogether eclipsed in the radiant renown of their better half. When the *cantatrice* has married, a new life thenceforward awaits her husband. Whosoever speaks of a great singer—a *prima-donna*—speaks of an erratic meteor, a sort of burning and wayward comet, which expands its splendour over all nations, if not over all ages. The husband must attend her in her orbit—he must be everywhere by her side in the round of her theatrical engagements. If, as it frequently happens, he be an artist-musician, his engagement merges by right in that of his wife. Whether he be instrumentalist, composer, accompanist, *répétiteur*, or singer, his engagement is a necessary consequence of hers, and not unfrequently the conditions fall sufficiently severe on the poor *impresario*. We have seen examples of such double engagements, which brought nothing but gratification to the manager, but these instances are rare indeed. More frequently the direction will grant an engagement to the husband on the condition that he will never ask to take part in the performances, but content himself with his salary without seeking to display his talents to the public.

Generally, the husband is contented to enjoy this *otium cum dignitate*, so singularly rewarded; but the day may arrive when he becomes wearied with the inactive life he is pursuing. If he has vanity—and nothing can guarantee a director against this terrible hypothesis—he wishes to enter into a *bonâ fide* engagement, and the unfortunate manager always forced to yield to the demand, is obliged to allow him to make his *debut*, and to hiss him, and sometimes to pay for his being hissed, that the matter may be brought to a close at once. When the foolish husband has been hissed, and in such a manner that there's no possibility of his being endured a second time, he does not resign his appointment, but makes a virtue of necessity, and turns his leisure hours to account in a general way. Obligated by law to take charge of his wife's fortune, he endeavours to render himself an expert man of business. He cavils about every clause in their engagement; and in every town where they are established professionally, he becomes the perpetual torment of the director, and the sworn friend of some inimical advocate, or public functionary. It is he who decides whether they shall put the manager to inconvenience and loss, by feigned sore-throats and sudden indispositions, by caprices of temper or pic-nic parties. He gets himself laughed at by running about everywhere, on the occasion of his wife's benefit, soliciting, calling, writing, and squabbling. He sticks to the journalists like a

leech, writes articles himself, and insinuates all sorts of malign reports against his wife's rivals. The *claqueurs*, whom he picks up in the towns where his wife sings, are managed by him with infinite pains and skill. He directs them not only in the ordinary expression of admiration and delight—encoring, calling before the curtain, and throwing wreaths, evergreens, and bouquets,—but initiates them in the delicate art of bestowing smiles, interjectional murmurs, and other involuntary exclamations of the enraptured dilettante. The height of his ambition is to behold his wife surrounded by admirers, nay adorers, whom he cultivates and entertains with a generosity as flattering as it is disinterested.

When the *cantatrice* travels, the husband becomes the major-domo, the *avant-courrier* as it were, of her reputation. He commands the postmasters, scolds the postilions, insists on the best and warmest apartment, orders her repasts according to medical directions, and sees to the execution of everything himself.

But the day comes when the voice of the *cantatrice* fails, when the intonation becomes less perfect, and the *fioriture* less facile. At first, the lady and her husband do not believe it; but days and months give forth the same unwelcome fact. The public, the ungrateful public, speak out still more clearly than Time, the destroyer. They have grown indifferent; enthusiasm occurs at long intervals. The poor wife experiences less pain in acknowledging a wrinkle than the husband in admitting the approach of a decline so fatal to his existence. She must resign. Perchance a quarrel arises between the husband and the manager; the engagement is cancelled, and the former declares in a passion that his wife, not being any longer able to endure the insolence of directors, retires from the stage—and that the world must henceforth do the best it can.

The *cantatrice* is *cantatrice* no more. The most she can now promise herself is an occasional appearance on a benefit-night: and even that dies by degrees. A new ambition engrosses her; she purchases an estate; she becomes a proprietor. The husband of the *ex-cantatrice* is not only the husband of a rich landed proprietor, but is himself a proprietor—thanks to the law's prior consideration for males. He talks everlastingly of his places and possessions. At his country-seat, by the lake of Como, he struts about the grounds all day, like a peacock displaying its brilliant plumage to the vulgar gaze. His visitors are sure to be entertained with a minute history of the European successes of his wife, and the intimacies which they formed with all the princes and sovereigns of the universe. The remembrance of this glory, however, does not preserve him from looking with an eye of envy on his neighbouring proprietors. If perchance he fixes his residence in England, he promises his support for the next elections, undertakes to draw up a bill calling on parliament for a grant for a new bridge or railway, and subscribes fifty pounds or more to the charity school, provided there be engraved on a marble tablet the commemoration of this munificent donation, and provided the said tablet be placed conspicuously over the doorway. During the seasons which he passes at Paris or London, he demands as a matter of right his *entrée* to the Salle Ventadour, or Her Majesty's Theatre. At last, as age steals on, and benumbs every remaining vestige of artistic feeling, he becomes opinionative and positive, and finishes his career by making his son a bill-discounter, or a broker on the Stock Exchange.

ROSSINI AND THE OFFICER.

ALAS! for the author of *Guillaume Tell*! The Muse has

forsaken him, and Mars has taken him under his wing. Instead of inditing sinfonias for operas, he now makes overtures to Peace: instead of shaking the wide world with his immortal strains, his genius dissipates itself in military mandates, crying out, like the Centurion to the Soldier, "Go," and he goeth: "Come," and he cometh: instead of ruling with magic sway his band of musicians till the hearts of mighty multitudes throbbed as with one deep pulsation, he holds mastery over the bristled battalia, and moves no greater audience than *lazzaroni* and ragged urchins: instead of being a composer, he is a captain. "*O quantum mutatus ab illo Maestro*—." Yes, Rossini is Captain of the Civic Guards of Bologna, and dresses like a bantam, wearing clothes of many colours, and plumes, and trappings, and gildings, and instruments of fright. He has donned a moustache, and threatens an *imperial*—not the Austrian—he attends parade, reviews his troops, inspects the canteen, exercises recruits, and quarrels with the paymaster. In fine he has established a barracks, joined the other officers, and got himself into a regular mess. Melpomene and Thalia have fled for ever their favoured god-child, and the flame of his genius is quenched by the brazen casque of the god of war. Poor impotent bridegroom of Bellona! See how the Muse weeps your fall from such transcendent height to such pernicious depth! How Heaven itself laments her treasures wasted, her gifts of glory spurned!

Appropos of this subject, we recal to mind an anecdote we heard some time ago, of the authenticity of which we have no reason to doubt. Many years since, when Rossini was at Naples, in the heyday of his reputation, he became acquainted with a colonel in the Neapolitan service, who had an absolute mania for singing. Rossini said to him one day, in his usual jocular tone, "My friend, you will certainly die a singer—a tenor of the Grand Opera." "And you, my dear Maestro," replied the Colonel, "will, with much greater probability, die a soldier." The last, at least, has turned out a veritable prophecy.

ONNET.

No. LVII.

Is the light breaking? Is that mass of cloud,
Which round me with its cumbrous darkness stood,
Vanished—that cloud, ris'n from the mighty flood,
Beneath which ev'ry energy was bow'd.
Is the light breaking? May I now feel proud
That I no longer am compell'd to brood
O'er mine own thoughts,—not doom'd to gather food
To nourish tortures, bitter though not loud.
Oh, freedom! dearest vision of my youth,
Long vainly sought, art thou at last mine own?
Shall my own fate from mine own act proceed?
Thou, who together with thy sister, Truth,
Within the soul's recesses hold'st thy throne,
Inviting all, but known to few indeed.

N. D.

THE MAESTRO AND THE MANAGER.

ROSSINI arrived at Naples preceded by a great reputation. The first person he encountered descending from the coach was the *impresario* of San Carlo. Barbaja advanced to the composer, stretched out his hand, and, giving him neither time to move a step nor speak a word, addressed him thus:—"I come to make you three offers, and I expect you will refuse none." "Let us hear," said Rossini. "I offer you my house for yourself and people." "I accept it." "I offer my table to you and all your friends." "I accept." "I offer you to write an opera for our theatre." "I do not accept it." "How! do you refuse to write for me?" "Neither for you nor anybody else. I do not intend to com-

pose any more." "You are mad." "'Tis as I told you." "And why come to Naples?" "To eat macaroni and ices. They are my passion." "My confectioner shall prepare your ices, and I myself will look after your macaroni." "The devil! That will be excellent." "But you will write me an opera?" "We shall see." "Take one month, two months, six months—as long as you please." "Let it be six months." "Agreed." "Come to supper."

From that day Barbaja's house was put entirely at Rossini's disposal. All his friends and acquaintance were remorselessly invited to his table, without in the least consulting the poor manager, and Rossini did the honours with the most perfect ease. As for Barbaja, true to the character of *cuisinier* he had imposed on himself, he daily invented new dishes, brought forth the oldest bottles from his cellar, and feasted everybody, known and unknown, whom Rossini pleased to invite, as though they were the best friends of his father. Only towards the end of the repast, with a *degagé* air, with infinite address, and smiling all the time, he would introduce, while sipping his wine or eating an olive, a few words concerning the opera, and the immense success which would arise from it. Rossini took no notice of this, till after repeated hints and suggestions of the same kind, the *maestro* politely ordered poor Barbaja to absent himself from the dessert in future.

Meanwhile, the months rolled on, the *libretto* was finished a long time, and nothing occurred to show that the composer was likely to set himself to work. To the dinners succeeded promenades, to promenades parties in the country. The chase, fishing, horsemanship, occupied the leisure hours of the noble master, but not a word of music. Barbaja experienced twenty times a day a fit of frenzy, and felt a strong inclination to raise a storm. He restrained himself, nevertheless, for no one had greater faith in the incomparable genius of Rossini.

Barbaja preserved his temper, and kept silent during five months with the most exemplary patience. But, the morning of the first day of the sixth month, seeing he had no time to lose, he broke forth:—"Ha, my friend! Do you know there are but nine and twenty days remaining to the appointed time?" "What time?" "The 30th of May." "Ah! the 30th of May. Well, what of that?" "Have you not promised me a new opera against that day?" "I promise you!" "There's no need to show or pretend astonishment," said the *impresario*, whose patience was well nigh exhausted. "I have waited with the greatest patience, reckoning upon your great genius and the facility God has given you. Now it is impossible to wait any longer. I must have my opera." "Could we not arrange some old opera and change the title?" "Do you think it? And the *artistes* expressly engaged to perform in a new opera?" "You can fine them." "And the public?" "You will close the theatre." "And the King?" "Send in your resignation." "All that may be practicable to a certain extent; but if neither the *artistes*, nor the public, nor the King himself can force me to hold my promise.—I have given my word, signor, and Domenico Barbaja has never failed in his word of honour." "Oh, that's another affair." "Then you promise to commence to-morrow." "To-morrow! It is impossible; I am going to fish." "Very well," said the manager; "I find I must take some other mode,"—and he departed.

The same evening Rossini went through the honours of the table, seeming perfectly forgetful of the morning's discussion. Upon going to bed he ordered his servant to call him at break of day, and was soon asleep.

The midday hour sounded from five hundred clocks of Naples, and Rossini's servant had not yet entered his room.

The noon sun darted his rays through the blinds. Rossini, starting from his sleep, rose upon the bed, rubbed his eyes, and rang the bell. The cord of the bell remained in his hand.

He called from the window which overlooked the court. The mansion was as silent as a seraglio.

He tried the door of his chamber. It resisted all his efforts. He was enclosed within.

Returning to the window, he began to call loudly for assistance, and alarmed the whole neighbourhood with vehement vociferations. The only answer he received was the echo from the court beneath.

There remained but one resource—that was to jump from the fourth story. But we must do Rossini the justice to acknowledge this method never entered into his head.

At the end of a full hour Barbaja showed his nightcap from a window on the third floor. Rossini, who had not quitted the window, had a great mind to fling a tile at him, but contented himself, as he had no tile, with hurling the most dreadful imprecations at his head.

"Do you want anything?" demanded the *impresario*, in a quiet tone. "I must go out this instant." "You shall go where you please when the opera is finished." "This is arbitrary imprisonment." "Just so; but I must have my opera." "I shall complain to all the *artistes*, and we shall see." "I shall fine them." "I shall inform the public." "I shall close the theatre." "I shall go to the King." "I shall send in my resignation."

Rossini perceived he was taken in his own toils, and, changing his tone on a sudden, he replied, in a calm voice, "I accept your pleasantry, and I am not angry; but when shall I obtain my liberty?" "When the last scene of the opera is finished," exclaimed the manager, taking off his cap. "Good! Send this evening for the overture."

Barbaja received punctually that evening a paper of music, on which was inscribed, in large letters, "The Overture to Otello."

The saloon of Barbaja was filled with celebrated musicians at the moment he received his first transmission from his prisoner. It was tried, and pronounced a new *chef-d'œuvre*, and Rossini was declared a deity rather than a man, who created, without effort, by the sole act of his will alone. Barbaja, whose joy rendered him nearly mad, snatched the manuscript from the hands of his admirers, and despatched it to the copyist. The next day he received a new manuscript, on which he read, "The First Act of Otello." This new copy was sent also to the copyists, who performed their task with that mute and passive obedience to which the manager had accustomed them. At the end of three days the partition of *Otello* had been delivered and copied.

The *impresario* could scarcely contain himself for delight. He threw himself on Rossini's neck, and made a thousand apologies for the stratagem he was forced to employ, and begged of him to complete his work by assisting at the rehearsals.

"I shall inspect the *artistes*," replied Rossini, with an easy tone of voice, "and I shall make them repeat their parts. As for the gentlemen of the orchestra, I shall have the honour of receiving them in my own rooms." "Very good, my friend; you shall look over the whole work with them. My presence will not be necessary, and I shall admire thy *chef d'œuvre* at the general rehearsal. Once more I pray you forgive me that little stratagem." "Not one word about that, or I shall be angry." "Well, then, at the general rehearsal?" "At the general rehearsal."

The day of the general rehearsal at last arrived. It was the eve of that famous 30th of May which cost the poor *impresario* so many pangs. The singers were at their post, the musicians took their places in the orchestra, Rossini seated himself at the piano.

A number of elegant ladies and certain privileged gentlemen occupied the stage-boxes. Barbaja, radiant and triumphant, promenaded the stage, rubbing his hands, and whistling with the highest degree of satisfaction.

They executed the overture first. The most uproarious applauses shook the walls of San Carlo.

Rossini rose and saluted the audience.

"Bravo!" shouted Barbaja. "Let us pass to the tenor's cavatina."

Rossini resealed himself at the piano. A deathlike silence ensued. The first violin lifted his bow, and they commenced playing the overture again. The same enthusiastic applauses followed the repetition.

Rossini rose and bowed again.

"Bravo! *encore*, bravo!" repeated Barbaja. "Let us pass to the cavatina."

The orchestra commenced a third time to play the overture.

"The devil!" cried Barbaja, out of all patience. "It is certainly very charming, but we cannot remain playing it over and over till to-morrow. Come to the cavatina."

But, spite of the injunction of the manager, the orchestra did not the less continue executing the overture. Barbaja made a jump towards the first violin, and, seizing him by the collar, cried in his ear, "Why the devil do you continue playing the same piece for one hour?" "Same!" said the violin, with a coolness that would have done honour to a German; "we play what is set before us." "Turn over the leaves, fool!" "We have turned them; there's nothing but the overture." "How! nothing but the overture?" cried the poor *impresario*, turning pale as a sheet. "Is it indeed, an atrocious conspiracy?"

Rossini rose and bowed.

Barbaja fell on a sofa, and lay without motion. The singers all gathered round him. For an instant they feared he was stricken with apoplexy.

Rossini, distracted to have brought his pleasantry to so serious an issue, approached him with real anxiety.

At sight of him Barbaja, bounding like a lion from his seat, began to cry aloud. "Away, wretch, or you'll drive me to some extremity." "Let us see," said Rossini, smiling; "is there no remedy?" "What remedy, perfidious? To-morrow is the day announced for the first representation." "The *prima donna* might be very much indisposed," whispered Rossini in the manager's ear. "Impossible," replied Barbaja, in a like tone of voice; "she would never risk the public vengeance by falling ill." "If you allow me to try—" "That is useless. You do not know the Colbron." "Will you permit me to try?" "Do as you please; but I tell you, you are losing time." "Perhaps."

The following day the bills of San Carlos announced that the first representation of *Otello* was postponed in consequence of the indisposition of the *prima donna*.

Eight days afterwards *Otello* was produced.

After the fall of the curtain Barbaja, weeping with emotion, sought everywhere for the *maestro*, to press him to his heart; but Rossini, doubtless yielding to that modesty which conjoins so well with true genius, had withdrawn himself from the tumultuous throng.

The next day Domenico Barbaja rang the bell for his prompter, who also filled the situation of valet de chambre,

impatient to present to his guest his felicitations on the triumphant success of the opera.

The prompter entered.

"Tell Signor Rossini to come down; I would speak with him." "Rossini has departed." "How departed?" "Set off for Bologna at the break of day." "Departed without a word?" "No, sir; he left you his address." "Go and inform Madame Colbron I must see her instantly." "Madame Colbron, sir?" "Yes, Colbron; are you deaf to-day?" "Excuse me, sir, but Madame Colbron has departed also." "Impossible!" "They have departed in the same coach." "Unfortunate woman! she leaves me to become the mistress of Rossini." "Pardon, sir; she is his wife."

"I am revenged," said Barbaja.

BUNN v. JENNY LIND.

In this celebrated action, it will be remembered that Mr. Justice Williams granted a commission to examine, at Berlin, witnesses as to the alleged breach of engagement of Jenny Lind with Mr. Bunn; and it was stated that Meyerbeer, the composer, would be examined. The commissioners, Mr. Lewis for Mr. Bunn, and Mr. Hoggins, the barrister, on the part of Jenny Lind, proceeded to Berlin to execute the commission, and, to the surprise of the parties, the instructions on the part of the defendant were not forwarded; and, after waiting a week, the commissioners returned without any examination of the witnesses. The commission was made returnable on the first day of Michaelmas term, and in the event of any further application it is expected that the costs must be paid by the defendant.

MUSIC.

CAN aught like Music elevate the soul;
Hence—hence it bounds, it soars above controul,
And, as a meteor darting o'er the skies,
Rescued from earth to bright Elysium flies.
Low, base-born man, whose bosom never feels
Enhanced life's value, as each chord reveals
Some once lov'd smile, unites some tie that's riven,
High beats his heart—his soul ascends to Heaven.
Enchantment weaves round every note a spell,
None but Euterpe's child hath power to tell;
Remembrance hovers o'er, though vision fades,
Youth's early scenes and home my breast invades.
Quickly thy tones can solace every pain;
Unhappy they who strike thy chords in vain;
And to the sinking heart 'tis thou canst give
Relief from sadness while on earth we live.
Triumphant thou shalt call us from the tomb,
Each echoing note shall gild our deepest gloom;
Rapture enthral's my breast with thoughts sublime;
Music—thou blessing, glorious, bright, divine.—
Amid benignant boons to mortals given,
None—none can equal thee—thou gift of Heaven.

ANNA MARIA PIPER.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

NEW VIOLONCELLO MUSIC.

1. *First Notturmo, for Pianoforte and Violoncello, composed by LORD GERALD FITZGERALD.*
2. *Andante and Variations, on a celebrated German Air, for the Violoncello with accompaniment of Piano; composed by TERENCE CARRIGHAN.*
3. *Second Fantasia, for the Violoncello, with accompaniment of Piano; composed by TERENCE CARRIGHAN.—WESSEL & Co., Regent-street.*

The increased attention now bestowed upon the violoncello, and the proficiency attained by many of our amateurs on this noble and beautiful instrument, are among the many proofs that the musical art is in a progressive state in this country. Lord Gerald Fitzgerald's Notturmo is a composition which would do no discredit to any professional artist. It consists of a single movement—an

andante—and is calculated, from its moderate dimensions, as well as the grace and elegance of its style, to add to the pleasure of a social musical evening. It is exceedingly melodious, with much tenderness of expression; and, though it does not tax very heavily the executive power of the performer, it demands a smooth and vocal tone, refinement, and feeling. Though the violoncello has the principal part, yet the piece is partly concertante; and the piano-forte is rich in harmony and very effective.

Mr. Carrighan's *andante* with variations, and fantasia, are likewise valuable additions to our stock of violoncello music. He is evidently a thorough master of the instrument; and these pieces, though difficult, are by no means beyond the reach of those amateurs who seriously endeavour to acquire a command of the bow and finger-board. The arpeggio passages, in particular, will be found exceedingly improving. Independently of their value as studies, these compositions exhibit much taste and fancy, and will repay the amateur any pains and study he may bestow upon them.

"Sacred Lyrics;" Songs from the Scriptures, by STEPHEN GLOVER.—CHARLES JEFFERYS.

A collection of twelve songs from the Holy Scriptures, chastely and elegantly bound in one volume. Generally speaking, the Sacred Songs have very great merit, and the work altogether is the best we remember from the pen of the composer. It is not necessary to select any particular songs for criticism. The collection provides great variety, involving strains of the deepest pathos, and those of gladness and rejoicing. Perhaps Mr. Stephen Glover is most successful where he seems to have expended less labour. "Consider the Lilies," an *allegretto* in D, common time; and "Although the Fig-tree shall not blossom," *allegro agitato*, G, same time, appear to us, from their simplicity and quietude of expression, among the happiest in the volume. "The Lord's Prayer," *largo*, E flat, 3-4 time, is set with much skill, and closes the collection with dignity. The Sacred Songs are worthy the notice of lovers of this species of composition.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

MR. EDITOR,—On my arrival at Liverpool, on Sunday last, I read in some of the London papers a statement that "Mr. James Wallack was returning to resume his situation of stage manager at the Princess's Theatre." I shall feel obliged if you will cause the error to be rectified. I have not the most distant idea of being stage manager of any Theatre. I never had anything to do with the Princess's management. I acted there for two seasons previously to my last visit to America. Some years since, when the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was in existence, I had the honour to be stage manager of that establishment for nearly nine years, but of no other. I would not trouble you on the subject, but it is important to me, after fourteen months' absence, that there should not be a mistake as to my professional identity—I am, sir, yours, very obediently,

J. W. WALLACK.

3, Caroline-street, Bedford-square, Oct. 20, 1847.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

MR. EDITOR,—A correspondent of *The Musical World*, signing himself "A Lover of Song," has, I perceive in two former numbers, requested you to recommend some good songs for a baritone voice. Now I have found the following ones always please, and in my opinion, they, bearing the stamp of genuine merit, and being from the pen of one of our best song writers of the day, are worthy of a place in the collection of every "Lover of Song," and I therefore heartily recommend them to your correspondent. The songs I allude to are, "Sing, sing, sing;" "There's a good time," or "A brighter day's coming." Published by Purday. "England," Jullien. "The old grey tree," Leoni Lee; and an anthem, "Remember me, O Lord," Surman. Trusting the "Lover of Song" may admire these compositions as much as myself, I remain, sir, yours very constantly.

PHILO MUSICUS.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

"BELLINI AND MALIBRAN."

SIR,—In a previous number, a correspondent, after expressing the warmest admiration of the composer's genius, made certain inquiries with respect to the life and death of the great Bellini. To that correspondent, and perhaps to others of your readers, the following extraordinary circumstance may not be altogether void of interest. Bellini died on the 23rd day of September, 1835, at the early age of twenty-eight

years. Madame Malibran, whose splendid delineation of the heroine in Bellini's beautiful opera of *La Sonnambula*, and the sensation created thereby will be remembered "as long as memory holds a seat in this distracted globe," and whose name must be ever handed down to future ages in inseparable connexion with that of the gifted composer whose works she aided to render so celebrated, died, on the 23rd day of September, 1836, aged twenty-eight years; at the same age, in the same month, and on the same day of the month in the following year to that which saw the premature decease of the gifted Bellini.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

E. D. C.

To the Editor of *The Musical World*.

SIR,—The death of poor Rooke has filled my mind with painful reflections on the scanty encouragement afforded in this country to native composers of unquestionable genius. Although the production of this gifted composer's opera of "Amilie" was crowned by signal success, yet we do not find that the meritorious reputation he earned by the above work, was of much avail in procuring for him that facility of access to the Theatre which his tried talent ought to have commanded. It is true that "Henrique" was subsequently produced in the scene of his former triumphs, but it appears to have been almost immediately withdrawn, before the public had any means of testing its merits, and having served but as a vehicle for the introduction to the public of Rooke's successful pupil, Harrison, the tenor singer. How discouraging indeed for the native musician is the reflection, that while the composer of "Amilie" died, leaving (as I believe) some eight or ten manuscript operas, the managers, though ever ready to welcome the flimsy productions of modern Italy, can so rarely be induced to favour the productions of native genius!—I doubt if ever Balfe himself, the most successful of our dramatic composers, would have continued to maintain his position, had not France and Germany, by a warm recognition of his merits, marked him with that conventional symbol—without which no musician can hope to succeed here—a foreign reputation. The neglect of Rooke, however, only serves to recall the equally unmerited fate of a dozen other talented men. It is a disgrace to the nation that such a man as John Barnett, with natural gifts sufficient to have created a whole host of Verdis, Pacinis, and Flotows, should have subsided into a provincial singing master. Let us however believe there is yet a ray of hope for the national composer in the promising projects of M. Jullien; and that these projects may realise to the full the just expectations of this neglected class, is the earnest hope of Sir, Your obedient servant,

IGNATIUS.

MUSIC'S CHARMS.

FOR MUSIC.

Recit.—Hail, Music! sweetest gift from Heaven above,
Thee do we own as dearest next to love.
Be thou our shield against discord's alarms,
And may each voice extol thy varied charms.

Song.—Strike up the merry tuneful song,
Let music's charms abound:
For who can say such mirth is wrong,
That sheds true bliss around?

Chorus.—Then loudly raise your songs, in praise
Of music's pleasing powers,
That cheers each heart, and does impart
A charm in lonely hours.

Each bird its love does warbling tell,
In songs of sweetest tone,
And when our hearts with love do swell,
In songs we'll tell our own.
Then loudly raise, &c.

The zephyr's breath, that gently blows,
A song of love does sing;
And every stream that murmuring flows,
And insect on the wing.
Then loudly raise, &c.

W. L.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VENICE, OCTOBER 10.—My dear—I should have written to you again from Milan, but illness prevented me, being in a state totally unable to apply my mind (always rambling you will say) to anything. I never passed a pleasanter month than the one at Milan; I like the town and everybody in it,

the Milanese are so truly like our English gentlemen, no affectation, perfectly national in their manner and always willing to show attention to, and accommodate strangers. I left it on Monday last, proceeding by rail to Treviglio, and thence, in a diligence to Verona, there I remained two days with friends going the same route, and we lionised the town together. I was not sorry again to see the beautiful Amphitheatre in all its perfect state of preservation, the house of the Capulets, Juliet's tomb, and all the other *et ceteras*, which tend to make the place interesting, but with all this it is a dull place, and although I had completely lost my voice, from having slept in wet (not damp) sheets, at the *Tour de Londra*, I started the next morning, in an odd sort of half omnibus, half diligence, for *Vicenza*, there the rail took us on to *Bella Venezia*. I suppose I ought to have rushed off to the Piazza St. Marco at once, but being hungry and tired, my thoughts were directed to where I could get the best dinner and most comfortable bed. I was shown into an excellent room, *au premier*, and after a tolerable repast went to bed, highly contented with my good fortune, as to the *logement*—as every one, *en route*, having told me that the place was full and beds were not to be had for money—on awaking in the morning I heard the rain come pelting down, and ringing my bell to have the shutter opened, discovered a pleasant look out against a dead wall about two feet off; threats of going to another hotel took me *au troisième*, and there, with the exception of mosquitoes, I was comfortably lodged. There is no Opera, so that the evenings are long and dull. The *Teatro Gallo* opens next Saturday with *I Lombardi*, but I shall have left before then for Ferrara, Bologna, and Florence. There are no known names among the *troupe*, excepting Bettini, who was in London last year, and De Bassini, (*prima donna*). I would not live in *Venice* if they would give me all the dismantled palaces people rave so much about.

Milan, Oct. 16.—I left Venice, *Dieu merci*, on Friday last, and am now in dear old Milan again, which, in spite of its having no one in it, is always amusing. Who should be in the same railway-carriage with me but *Costa*, who had just arrived at Venice from Vienna. I gloried in talking of the Royal Italian Opera, the brilliant season just past, and the still more successful one which I hope will succeed it. From *Vicenza* he went on in his travelling carriage, and I in the more humble conveyance of the *malle poste*, which, by the bye, is as comfortable as many a travelling carriage I have been in. At the Opera (*Don Sebastiano*) on Sunday evening I saw the conductor, *par excellence*, from my box, with a resigned look, listening to the most wretched *troupe* you can possibly imagine, this I told you long ago, but I think because there happened to be some one there who did know something about singing, they sung worse than usual. There has been a new *ballet*, which is really very good, the best autumn production I ever saw here. Miss Bingley has made a most successful *debut* at *Parma*, I am told she has a surprising compass of voice. Curtis, an Englishman, who has been here some time, is engaged at *Padua* for the Carnival as *primo tenore*; he has, I understand, a splendid voice and only requires practice to be one of the leading members of the profession. Miss Noble is not engaged at the *Teatro Re*. It appears she will accept of no engagement but on her own terms. Singular to relate, the *tenor* who is now singing (Negri) in the *Due Foscari* at the Scala, was, eighteen months since, working at a blacksmiths' shop in the provinces. Some of the Scala people were passing through a village, *en route*, to *Bergamo*, and heard him sing by accident, Merelli got hold of him, had him taught, and now he is singing in all

the best tenor parts. I leave this to-morrow for *Genoa*, thence to sweet *Florence*, where I shall stay some time. Alboni's success in Paris has made a prodigious sensation in Milan; at the *cafés*, they talk of nothing else, and they are longing to hear her again. The Milanese consider themselves—with what truth I know not—as being the first to discover and foster her talent. Pray let me hear from you, and believe me, sincerely yours,

T. F. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME DORUS GRAS is engaged by Monsieur Jullien for Drury Lane. This splendid vocalist will indeed be a great acquisition to the operatic corps of the New Academy. Madame Dorus Gras was for years the *prima donna assoluta* of the *Académie Royale de Musique*. She was the original *prima donna* in *La Muette de Portici*, the *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, *La Juive*, and *Guillaume Tell*. Latterly, from being refused her particular terms, she has retired from the scene of all her triumphs. M. Jullien, nothing daunted by the enormous terms demanded by the fair artiste, closed an engagement with her at once.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER has announced his intention of forming vocal and instrumental classes of music. Mr. Glover is, in every respect, highly competent to undertake this department of the profession. He has studied many years under the best professors on the continent, and to his knowledge of a master, he adds the capacity which time and experience can only confer. For particulars we refer the reader to the Advertisement.

—HONESTY REWARDED.—Madame Celeste left her purse behind her last week in Birmingham, and did not miss it until her arrival in London. As it contained but a small sum, she made no enquiries about it. On the second morning after she reached London, she received a note from Roberts, the hall-porter of the Birmingham theatre, acquainting her that he had found her purse and money, and taking the liberty to forward the latter by post office order, as the most convenient mode of sending it. The amiable manageress was so pleased with this exhibition of honesty, that she immediately sent him back all the money with a most complimentary epistle.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—A trial of new works by the members and associates of this society, took place on Thursday morning last, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The following was the programme:—

Overture, "The Sea Shore" by J. J. Haite; Canzonet, "The sensitive heart," sung by Miss Duval, J. W. Thirlwall; Overture, descriptive of a sentimental journey, W. C. Macfarren; Canzonet, "Ah, deem not," sung by Mr. Williams, Henry Graves; Concerto, pianoforte, in C minor (op. 24,) performed and composed by C. E. Horsley; Song, "I arise from dreams of thee," sung by Miss E. Turner, W. Rea; Overture in D, A. Mitchell; Song, "My native land," sung by Miss E. Turner, H. Cocking; Concert Overture, No. 5, "Vita d'Inquietudine," Charles E. Stephens; Song, "I saw thee weep," sung by Miss A. Turner, J. J. Haite; Overture, "Agnes Bernaur," G. A. Macfarren.

There was a full attendance of members and their friends, and the compositions gave universal satisfaction.

MESSRS. H. PHILLIPS AND LAND will give their entertainments, at Cheltenham, October 29th and 30th; Bath, November 1st and 6th; Long's Royal Hotel, Clifton, 2nd; Tiverton, 3rd; Taunton, 4th; Devizes, 19th; Oxford, 20th, and in other provincial towns.

MR. JONES WHITWORTH, Jullien's new barytone, of whom, the Italian papers have so repeatedly made honorable mention, has, we understand, made one of the most brilliant careers in Italy, of any of the English singers since the days

of Braham, having sung with the greatest success in nine of the principal theatres, in Italy.

MR. JAMES WALLACK has, within the last few days, arrived from America. He played at Boston, the 30th ult., in the characters of Don Caesar de Bazan and the Stranger, and sailed for England, by the Britannia mail steamer, the following morning. Mr. Forrest was to succeed Mr. Wallack in Boston at the Federal-street Theatre, and the Havana operatic company were engaged to play there after Mr. Forrest's departure. There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Wallack has been engaged as stage manager for the Princess's Theatre. We understand Mr. Wallack is in treaty with Mr. Webster, and will probably be attached to the Haymarket Theatre ere long.

NEW YORK.—The New Broadway Theatre opened on the 27th of September. Mr. Lester, late of the Haymarket, made his first appearance.

MR. CHARLES GOODBAN gave a concert at Tunbridge Wells, on Wednesday evening, which was extremely well attended. The vocalists were the Misses Williams, Signor Ferrari, and Mr. John Parry, who, by their singing, elicited numerous encores. Solos, &c., were brilliantly performed on the pianoforte, by Madame Dulcken; violoncello, Mr. H. W. Goodban; and violin, Mr. C. Goodban. The latter conducted the concert, which afforded the highest gratification to the company.

THE WOLVERHAMPTON AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY gave their second Concert at the Theatre Royal on Thursday, and the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, in noticing Miss Poole, the principal vocalist, says—"Tis the harp in the air," interpreted by the celebrated cantatrice in a style replete with beauty and feeling, and joined with the able accompaniment of Mr. George Hay, the conductor, was the gem of the evening." Mr. Henry Hayward, another talented Salopian, was also warmly greeted on his appearance.

A NEW FINGER ORGAN has just been erected in Chittoe church, by Messrs. Milsom & Son, of Bath. All who have heard the instrument speak highly of its tone and workmanship.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

CERITO.—This popular dancer was born at Naples; she first danced at Milan, Venice and Vienna; and was married at the Batignolles on her first visit (private) to Paris. Her subsequent career is familiar to our readers.

MR. CLINTON commences the twelfth season of his flute soirées next month.

MR. H. C. COOPER, of this city, has been engaged by Mr. Balfé, conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, in consequence of the skill evinced by him in playing some solos on the occasion of Jenny Lind's recent visit to the West of England.—*Farley's Bristol Journal*.

MR. ROBERT GREEN, the pianist, gave a concert on Thursday evening, in the Lecture Hall, Greenwich, which was very fully attended. Numerous songs, duets, and trios were sung with the greatest success by Miss Dolby, Miss Steele, Mr. W. H. Seguin, and Mr. John Parry; and several pieces were encored. Mr. Green performed two fantasias on the pianoforte in a masterly manner, and was universally applauded. The performance altogether went off extremely well, under the direction of the *beneficiaire*.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—It is stated, that M. Jullien has let Drury Lane Theatre, to M. Le Chevalier de St. Hilaire, and M. Dejean, of the *Cirque National of Paris*, for the purpose of giving Equestrian entertainments. The terms are £1000 per month, for five months, to commence immediately after M. Jullien's operatic season is over.

Mr. HENRY RUSSELL is still continuing his successful career in the provinces, and will give his entertainments at Barnsley, November 1st; Birmingham, 3rd; Wakefield, 5th; Hull, 8th; York, 9th; Stockton, 11th; Durham, 12th; Newcastle, 15th and 17th.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

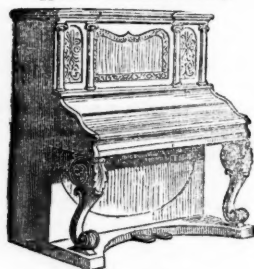
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Quadrille, .	"The Swiss Quadrille," . . . (13th Time,)	Jullien

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